

# THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855.

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Office.

## Poetry.

### The Workers and the Thinkers.

BY GUY H. SALISBURY.

Work the workers, think the thinkers—  
Working, thinking, aye—  
And those brains, and knotted muscles,  
Shall not needlessly play.

They build the workers, the famous brain—

Not idly, like the part.

But their labor and their pain

Till the earth, and build the earth.

They till the earth, and build the earth,

The wilderness doth bloom and smile.

The great ships plough the ocean wide.

The city rears its pile on wide.

They till the earth, they build the earth,

Those brawny arms, those busy brains,

And Eden-like the world doth grow,

As foresty doth fruitful plains.

Earth hath love for those who love her,

Those who woo her with strong arms,

And she lavishly repays

Such stern suit with golden charms.

Earth hath love for those strong thinkers,

Workers with the mighty mind,

But for whom, rude, ox-like Labor

Toileth, like the Cyclop, blind.

Weary arms, and painful thought.

Still must strive, with endless moil.

No Utopia hath the Future,

Giving plenty without toil.

God be praised, that labor, only,

Wins for man his bread and rest,

For it strengthens mind and muscle,

Nerving ever brain and breast.

### To Minnie Spear.

BY SHIRLEY FLOWERS.

Oh what sorrow in the parting  
From the friends we love so well:

Who can hide the tear from starting,

When they bid a last farewell.

Of I thought I heard it spoken,

Out upon the dark sea;

But it came in accents broken,

Not as whispered unto me.

In my midnight vigils keeping,

Voices come that I know well,

Not in kindly accents greeting,

But in echoes of farewell.

That farewell may be forever;

There is one alone to tell;

And from friends we may not ever

Hear another fond farewell.

From the Sacred Circle.

### Spiritual Ideas, Incomprehensible to Mortals.

There are some subjects which cannot be

elucidated to our full comprehension, however

clear and perfect the language used, and how-

ever we may be prepared to receive the eluci-

dation. The difficulty is of course lessened in

proportion to our cultivation and the develop-

ment of our reasoning powers; but they can

never in this life be so cultivated as to give us

a new sense, and enable us to comprehend

things, the types of which do not exist on

earth.

If we attempt to explain a question of meta-

physics to an uneducated laborer, we find that

he will not understand our premises nor our

deductions. Yet there are matters that the

European peasant could comprehend which

would be dark and unintelligible to the barba-

rian; and he in turn could comprehend things

beyond the sense of savage Africa. We do

not know to what point of comprehension hu-

man intelligence may reach; but we may be

assured that it will never rise to the point

which would constitute a new sense, so that a

mortal could understand the nature of a thing

which had no type on earth.

There is an anecdote which will illustrate our

object. A number of blind men were

discussing the question of colors, as learnedly

and as confidently as many clergymen discuss

the state and condition of human souls after

death. After many ingenious comparisons

had been advanced to illustrate the subject,

one of them confidently asserted that he un-

derstood the matter fully. As for the soft

blue of the evening sky, it was like the voice

of a woman; but the red color was like the

sound of a trumpet. The comparisons were

good for one who had no type in his mind

of such things as colors.

This anecdote will illustrate, the ideas we

form of the nature of spirit-matter. With all

the light we possess, and with all our study

and our readiness to receive whatever may be

proclaimed to us by spirits, we cannot pos-

sibly comprehend the nature of the second stage

of human existence. Few of us could make

as good a comparison as the blind man did to

illustrate the idea of color. Words can only

convey ideas, the type of which are already in

the mind; and however clearly they may be put,

they cannot at once convey an entirely new

idea. That which we receive will be like

something already in the memory; not in de-

gree perhaps, but in kind. The germ being

preached they give them to the world.—

put into the mind, it grows by accretion until from an amorphous state it assumes form and beauty of proportion. But this must ever be the work of time. The germ of an idea cannot at once spring up to perfection and fruit, any more than an acorn planted in the morning could become a gigantic oak at evening.—Even the idea that could in a brief time spring up in a few master minds, will require centuries to spread over the world.

We may illustrate this subject farther by the progress of many of the arts. Take for instance the arts of drawing, shading and coloring. When the Hellenic race first attempted to depict an historical event by the representation of human forms and various accessory objects, the drawing was rude in the extreme. We should find it difficult now to tell what was meant by the pictures. Yet the organization of the cranium was the same then, and the capacity of the mind was as great. They could not at once gain a new idea. The Egyptians began to delineate the human figure in their monumental records, probably some four or five thousand years ago. In all their millions of figures delineated, there is scarcely one in full face. All are in profile, with the eye represented as if seen in front, and some represent both eyes on one side of the face. Yet the delineations are eminently correct in outline, and may be depended on as truthful representations of the race with whom the Egyptians came in contact. After the Greeks and Romans traveled among them, some of the Egyptian artists learned how to draw the eye in a side face; yet the examples found among the sculptured records of such advancement in art are exceedingly few. Thus it took fifty centuries for a tolerably enlightened race to learn how to draw correctly a side face.

In the late discoveries, as is well known by those who have read "The Type of Mankind," it is ascertained that the North American Indians, in the identical form and organization now found among them, lived on the banks of the Mississippi fifty-six thousand years ago; and conditions were found in the state of the soil and vegetable growth of the earth, dating back one hundred and fifty thousand years ago, which show that the same race might have lived at that time. Thus we may see that fifty thousand years, or even more, or even thousands of years, have given, to the indigenous tribes of North America comparatively few ideas. Had they remained in quiet possession of this continent, undisturbed by the advent of the white races for a hundred thousand years longer, they would not have reached to the civilization of the present people of the United States. They were too homogeneous. They lacked the admixture of a foreign element. \* \* \* Within a few years a new element has been infused into these latter races, and there is a probability of its advancement in civilization, by the acquisition of new ideas and new knowledge.

All spiritualists of much experience have seen the difficulty of getting through a speaking medium [new to the matter] any idea which he did not fully comprehend. So great has been the difficulty, that few spirits have attempted at once to convey pure truths through such a source. Allegories have been given, and symbols without number, which each one would interpret according to his preconceived ideas. This will account for the diversity of ideas on the nature of the spirit-life. Moreover, some mediums more cultivated or more receptive than others could receive and communicate ideas nearer to what the spirit desired to utter, than less developed mediums. Some spirits, residing in one of the spirit-worlds, would describe conditions and circumstances that would not apply to some other worlds which are the abodes of spirits; or spirits of the highest civilization and refinement would describe their mode of life, while other spirits of a less civilized race would tell a very different story. When all these things are taken into consideration, it will be seen that there is ample ground for a difference of opinion among spiritualists as to the nature of the spirit-life.

It happens fortunately for us that we are progressing. Ideas are now received which will be incomprehensible three years ago; and that which is dark to-day will be clear to-morrow. Whatever can be done will be done, and we must remember that the number of spirits engaged in propagating this new philosophy is far greater than the number of mortals who are interested in it. They have the advantage of us in their powers of locomotion, and their superior intelligence. Their work is one of immense difficulty, and their efforts are correspondingly great. With organizations of their numbers probably much more perfect than ours—with more union and harmony among them—with more self-sacrifice and willingness to labor, and science and general knowledge far above ours, they will do vastly more for the spread of truth than we could or would do. As fast as ideas can be comprehend, they give them to the world.—

Wherever there is an unselfish heart, they seek to win it to their cause; wherever there is a willing worker, they make him a spiritualist, if such a thing is possible. Time, faith, energy, may well be their motto. They know they will succeed, and they know it will require time and their heartiest labor.

We cannot comprehend the difficulties which must surround those invisible who attempt to enlighten and reform the world. The mediums of communication with mortals must necessarily be few and imperfect. They must try for years, often, to convey an idea before it will be accepted. They must use great exertions, often repeated, to produce comparatively insignificant results. Circle after circle is held, and the spirits are in attendance with their apparatus, giving up their ordinary pursuits, depriving themselves of their customary rest, standing by, waiting for the moment when the circumstances will admit of their communicating what they have to say, and yet knowing that it is generally a thankless task.

Those for whose good it is done, are unconscious that any thing is done for them. A year may be spent in the task of conveying to a mortal the real and tangible idea that his departed friend is often his companion here. The mortal may at last comprehend it, but he will never be able to sustain it. The Egyptians for a thousand years have been subject to the same difficulty. The whole mind must be educated up to it, and the seed must be dropped into the soil, and then nursed and watered, and reared and supported.

The seed is sown. The angels of heaven are watching its upspring, and stand ready to cultivate its growth. The soil is hard and barren. A few spots show signs of fertility, and promise reward for the labor bestowed; but the harvest is sure, and a bountiful crop will yet be reaped into the garner of the Lord.

The early influences of a mother over her

after-life, for good or evil, to its last day.

&lt;

# Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, JULY 21, 1855.

## Spiritual Manifestations Extraordinary.

In addition to the manifestations reported by Mr. HAMMOND, whose communication will be found in another column, we have to report, the following, which we witnessed at the same house, on a subsequent occasion:

Mrs. — the medium, cannot be used by the spirits to write when the room is light.— Her hand is used mechanically, and writes, in the dark, with a rapidity which would be incredible to tell; she knowing no more of what is written with her hand than any other person in the circle, till she reads it by the light. The pen or pencil keeps the line as truly as if she or any one else were writing by daylight; and, though, the writing is executed with almost lightning rapidity, it is much more legible than this which we are now doing. After the circle was formed, her hand was pretty severely exercised, for the purpose, as was supposed, of getting it in proper condition to be used by the spirit. When this exercise was over, the light was directed to be removed, and her hand commenced writing and continued, as it appeared to us, not more than two or three minutes, when the light was ordered in, and the following highly appropriate lecture was found under her hand:

"My friends, I wish to give you a few words of advice in regard to your circles. There is too much idle curiosity exhibited. You do not sit down to your tables with that earnest seeking after knowledge which the occasion calls for. You should know that, to gain information from the right source, it is very necessary for you to feel, that you are in the presence of immortal spirits, who have no other object in descending to come to you, but for your good, both in this and the eternal spheres. You may be assured that no good spirit will visit any but a well regulated circle; and with any other spirits you ought not to hold communication. Be thankful for your privilege, and rejoice while the sunshine of prosperity illumines your pathway, for soon the heavy tempest of affliction will overtake you, and there will also be a time to weep; for such is the common lot of mortals."

"There are some, even in this room, who yet doubt the evidence they have received.— To such ones, we would say: You cannot analyze or explain the composition of the great luminaries of the sky; but you enjoy the cheering light, and feel the genial warmth, which they bestow. So you cannot fully comprehend the eternal decree which affords you the privilege of communing with spirits. But you will find, when your meditations rest upon it, that it is identified with divine wisdom, tending to elevate your thoughts and give the conscious heart repose. Let the arrogance of human reason pursue it with foolish ridicule. To hearts duly awake to no importance, it will prove a source of consolation and joy.

"Devoutly yield thyself to God.

And on his grace depend:

With zeal pursue the heavenly road.

Nor doubt a happy end."

There were some physical manifestations, which have become too common to be interesting to our readers. But among these was one which we had never before witnessed. The light being removed with the expectation of having more communications, a deafening whistle, much like that uttered by a boatswain, on board of a ship of war, made the whole house echo, and sent a piercing thrill through every nerve in the room.

Near the close of the sitting, the question was asked: "Will the spirits here play on instruments of music?" There was no response; but the light was ordered out; and when it was required to be brought in again, another of the missing pieces of paper was found on the table, with two stanzas of poetry written on it, by unaided spirit hands, supposed to be by him whose signature was appended. The following are the poetical stanzas and the signature, prefaced by a statement of the question asked:

You ask: "Will we play on instruments of music?"

No—if our strings should e'er be tried,  
They'd wake so deep, so wild a strain,  
None but the true and purified,  
Could ever waken them back again.

May no rude hand, with false pretence,  
Ever touch a string or cause a smile,  
Better be silent ev'rymore.

Than waken'd by a touch of guile.

STEELE.

The lecture by Aaron Burr.

We bespeak, for this lecture, the careful reading and candid consideration of all the readers of this paper, whether believers or unbelievers in the spiritual philosophy and phenomena. Those who read its announcement in our last number, will probably remember the circumstances which induced us to apply to him for a lecture. Our spiritual lectures had all come from spirits who never had any personal experience in the lowest spheres of spiritual life; and we desired a lecture embracing the transition from this state of existence to that; the labors, pains and afflictions incident to the sustenance of a gross spiritual body; the associations and surrounding influences in the lowest sphere, and the whole process of elevation from that to a higher and more happy condition, with its inspiring hopes and aspirations. The spirit of AARON BURR, was, in some manner, presented to our mind, as one in every way qualified to give us all the desired infor-

mation, from his own personal experience. We requested a guardian spirit, who is rarely absent from us, to go in quest of him, and, in our name, solicit a communication from him. She complied, and soon brought him to the presence of Miss Brooks, the medium. He readily consented to gratify us, and gave us the subject as it stands at the head of his lecture. And we doubt that any intelligent and candid reader will dissent from us when we say: He has most faithfully and ably fulfilled his engagement.

Of those who affect to believe that all these lectures are the product of Miss Brooks' own mind and pen, as we have recently heard been insinuated by some, we would say, in al- lusion, that such persons must be lamentably wanting, either in appreciation or honesty. Those who know Miss Brooks, are aware that she is not at all deficient in intellectual capacity, and they as well know that her acquirements are too limited to render it any more possible for her to produce such a lecture as this to which the name of AARON BURR is appended, as it would be for her to govern the winds and the tides. Let those who covet the appellation of fool or knave, continue those insinuations, and either the one or the other will be justly theirs. If Miss B. were capable of producing the lectures which come to us, through her mediumship, she would have no need to labor without pecuniary compensation, and be the target of envious malignity, as is the case with her now.

### A candid and independent Mind.

We copy the following communication to the *New England Spiritualist*, not on account of any extraordinary revelations contained in it, but to show that there are minds, in the clerical profession, that are not blinded by prejudice nor prevented from giving utterance to truth by the potency of salaries. There are a few among that class, who dare to say: "I am wise to-day than I was yesterday." The writer is a clergyman, and, evidently, a sincere Christian. We hold ourselves bound to provide good things for our readers, deeming originality a secondary consideration:

Br. NEWTON.—My interest in Spiritualism has in no wise diminished since I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. With the improvement of my health, my mediumship has assumed higher phases; and light from the spirit-world, beautiful, radiant, and glorious, has been diffused through my spiritual being, bringing me into rapport with spiritual verities, and disclosing realms of progression, peace and joy, of the existence of which, though I have previously had vague and indefinite conceptions, yet have I never had that deep conviction which amounts to assurance—those moral evidences tantamount to demonstration. I regard Spiritualism as in entire harmony with, and as a fuller development, of the great principles of Christianity, which I have been engaged in promulgating. And, to use your own language, I do not hesitate to say that the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~comprehension~~ <sup>comprehension</sup> of the revelations of truth in our day, the more completely do I find them to harmonize with the teachings and the doings of both Jesus and his apostles, as narrated in the New Testament." Their teachings concerning spiritual influences, have been actualized, and verified to me, and I am enabled to accept, understandingly, without limitation or modification, all that the New Testament presents of spiritual help and consolation vouchsafed from God, to the humble and trustful seeker, all that it presents of the efficiency of true and fervent spiritual prayer, and discloses realms of progression, peace and joy, of the existence of which, though I have previously had vague and indefinite conceptions, yet have I never had that deep conviction which amounts to assurance—those moral evidences tantamount to demonstration. I regard Spiritualism as in entire harmony with, and as a fuller development, of the great principles of Christianity, which I have been engaged in promulgating. And, to use your own language, I do not hesitate to say that the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~comprehension~~ <sup>comprehension</sup> of the revelations of truth in our day, the more completely do I find them to harmonize with the teachings and the doings of both Jesus and his apostles, as narrated in the New Testament." Their teachings concerning spiritual influences, have been actualized, and verified to me, and I am enabled to accept, understandingly, without limitation or modification, all that the New Testament presents of spiritual help and consolation vouchsafed from God, to the humble and trustful seeker, all that it presents of the efficiency of true and fervent spiritual prayer,

coupled with earnest endeavor, to transport the soul beyond the din of worldly strife, contending interests, fierce passions, harsh discords, and tumultuous commotions, into regions of serene repose, conscious security, and ineffable bliss.

The condition of my health, and the urgency of my business, render it impracticable for me to spend much time in conversation upon the subject, and I seldom mention it in my travels, except in response to some inquiry; but so eager is the desire among the people to see and know something of these "manifestations" that my whole time could be agreeably and profitably employed in ministering to its gratification. So far as my observation extends, the people are certainly interested in the spiritual movement, and anxiously inquiring concerning this new light that is dawning upon the world; and are ready, in candor and good faith, to investigate and receive whatever fairly substantiates its claims to a spiritual origin, and commends itself to their judgment as valuable. This desire is not induced by a morbid propensity for new things, but springs from an insatiate demand of the spirit for more light from the spirit-world. And for what want, seated in the nature and constitution of man, has the Heavenly Father not made ample and adequate provisions? Can it be sinful then, for poor, benighted humanity to open its eyes to the glorious light from the land of spirits, which the Father of Lights is dispensing?

Several of my clerical brethren are prayerfully seeking this new light, willing to become humble little children, if they may be benefited by this spiritual gift; and over the spirits of some has it already shed its benign and hallowed radiance. And I know them too well to believe, for a moment, that their congregations will be permitted to "grope in darkness," while they have light to dispense. Mediums of remarkable powers, are multiplying, and the good cause is progressing. Let us be true to the light that is in us, and others will be spiritually illuminated, onward will speed the light, the world will be redeemed, and God glorified. "Walk in the Light."

Continuation of the series of spiritual communications, on the burnished plate, through Rev. C. HAMMOND.

The following lesson belongs not to the foregoing series, but being given in the same way, and embracing a subject of some interest, and conflicting in some parts with my previous opinions, I submit it to the reader, without comment.

C. H.

### RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

LESSON XIII.

ROCHESTER, March 18th, 1854.

And I heard a voice saying write; for the words following, which I shall say unto you, are true and faithful.

Put thy trust in him who is able to do the good, and let not thy heart fret because the ignorance of man has despised the saying of the wise. True piety is true love. Turn thy thoughts inward, for the outward man must perish, and the inner man rise—forever rise in the resurrection. There is a resurrection which hath no end, and this resurrection hath already commenced. Believest thou this? Yea, ye who receive the living light from the spheres, and the imperishable food of angels, shall not see death, I repeat, *shall not see death*. But they who dwell in the dark night of superstition shall see it, and dread it. Think ye this is philosophy? Go into your own experience, ponder over the unfoldings of the spirit world, and the marvelous manifestations which you have witnessed, and, behold, in them is no death. Death is not seen for man by any mind enlightened in the philosophy of nature and of God. Passing away is not death; going out of the form is not death; for this is the going out of a room into the pure sky, and all that ever lived in the form survives the change of position out of it. The form moves by the power of a living spirit, and so doth the clothing protecting that form. Without a living spirit, neither moves. As the garment is thrown off when it is inconvenient, so the body returns to its original elements when it is no longer useful to its possessor. The body has no consciousness, no reason, no judgment, no power of understanding; all these are properties of the spirit, which associates with an earthly form in its rudimental state, as a temporary residence in which to dwell. But the spirit, being immortal as God himself, in you, can never perish—God manifest in you can never die. How then can it be raised from the dead? It can be raised *from* the dead, as it is raised *from* inanimate matter—the body which is dead without the living spirit. It can be raised from all dead things—all lifeless forms—into a sphere of light and life. This is a literal resurrection.

To be raised is to be elevated above all dead materials—above all inanimate forms—into the sweet sphere of perfect love, which casteth all fear. I see an endless resurrection. It is an endless elevation of mind in love and wisdom, world without end, Amen. It is forever advancing toward the perfection of the great central sun of the universe, expanding at each successive ~~step~~ <sup>stage</sup> in the journey of eternal progress. As the spirit progresses, expands, and refines in wisdom, so, metaphorically speaking, it recedes from earth—from dead, inanimate, lifeless matter.

Pilgrims, contemplate thy destiny! Look upward, that your minds may be attracted by the sweet angelic song of unity and peace. This is the resurrection, begun already in the progressing mind. Is there no other? What other can there be? Suppose that the old dissolved tabernacle should be reconstructed, and the spirit should reunite with and again inhabit it. See ye not that such a process would be no resurrection; but would be a retrogression—a going down in opposition to being raised up—a return to the nursery of life—a philosophy which inevitably foretells annihilation of human consciousness, as all retrograde movements must end where they commenced to advance, and when that point is reached, the next step is nothing.

With such a philosophy, spirits have no fellowship. It is antagonistic to the resurrection from the dead. It is at war with all the teachings of spirits of every age and clime.

Now, let us consider the judgment. There is a general judgment. The wise Creator of the universe is no respecter of persons, and he will judge every man according to his infinite wisdom, and as his work shall be. He does not judge one and excuse another. There is no partial judgment in his government: it is general or universal. He sees the condition of every mind, and knows the position of all created things. He judges righteously. There can be no error in his judgment, and his judgment is irrevocable and continual. Ever present in all things, he requires no witnesses to communicate facts, and you need not be shocked and dismayed at the announcement, that all his judgments are just and right.

I will endeavor to specify how he judges. Are you right, he sees the right, and judges the right as right. Are you wrong? He judges, that the false position should be rectified, and the victim of error and evil should be relieved; and myriads of spirits perceive the judgment just, and acquiesce in its execution. He judges the infidel; and to this end has sent agents to banish the doubt and darkness of skepticism from the mind. This is a just judgment; he sees and judges the poor, and *pleads*, (a metaphor,) for the necessities. How? By inspiring minds through agencies to render succor. He judges righteously and truthfully, in a way to advance, improve, and elevate the mind. Go ye, and do likewise.

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All over this beautiful world, I see streams of love and mercy falling down upon humanity. So shall the judgments of the Supreme roll down from sphere to sphere to harmonize and bless the recipient of unfailing joys. Oh, what

shall I render to my God for all his judgments. Inverted humanity looks backward, and judges an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a hand for a hand, and life for life. It looks backward, to see what has been done, to determine an equivalent of evil; but truthful humanity looks forward to see what good can be done to rescue the mind and abate the evil of suffering man. But, oh, revenge, what hast thou done? Oh, cruelty, what are thy doings? Back, back, thy voice proclaims, you have injured me, therefore I will injure you! Oh, what a contrast to the smiling rays of that sun of righteousness which illumined the hills and valleys of Judea. How sensual, how earthly, is that feeling which punishes man only to make man worse. How vindictive and untrue to man is that cruelty, which degrades and tantalizes the erring without rescuing him from the vortex of shame and vice. Friends of the pure and the just judgments of God, rise above it and see how the spirits of justice and truth are moved to come and judge of the doings of weak and erring humanity. We come and are scorned, and yet we come again. We speak as we are able, and endeavor to demonstrate as we can, the immortality of the soul, and the endless resurrection of the spirit, and yet man saith, in his ignorance, "the devil hath possession of the medium." We appeal again, approach again and again, and again and again are we rebuked. Still, onward is our watchword—never backward, and, wherever we can work, there we do work, to make known a philosophy, a religion, a government, that shall cover the whole earth as the waters do the deep, and unite man to man on earth by ties of affinity which can not be dissolved.

The day will come when there shall be no other government on earth, than that which links in one family the entire race of humanity in the form, and each member of the family will do his or her duty cheerfully, because he or she will feel it to be a privilege instinctively to do right. Thus, there shall be no war, no contention, no evil speaking, no fraud, no violence; but love shall cement all hearts into one grand and beautiful temple of the Lord. And they shall feast upon the bread of angels, and they shall drink of the wine of the kingdom, and rejoice continually. They shall see no death, yet their spirits shall put off the form, and pass into the Jerusalem that is above and mother of all.

I have now declared unto you the object of our endeavor, which is a permanent and everlasting destruction of all ignorance, idolatry, vice, wrong, crime, tyranny, and every evil work which now practises on earth. Having declared our intention, I will now introduce a constitution, not written on parchment or printed on paper; but standing out in beauty and perfection in an innumerable number of sections, scattered over the face of all the earth. These sections are the human spirits, who inhabit the form, and the spirits who have passed out of the form, which, taken together, form a Constitution perfect and complete. These sections, when ~~united~~ <sup>united</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~joined~~ <sup>joined</sup> in their true position relatively to each other, will form a beautiful temple in which God will be pleased to dwell, and harmony, order, and beauty excite the admiration of even the inhabitants of other planets. We are for the Constitution of all of it, every section of it; and, being for it, we shall not oppose it; but endeavor to harmonize the sections, and unite them in order and love one with another, so that God may be glorified, and man universally judged to be right.

For the Age of Progress.

BUFFALO, July 10th, 1855.

FRIEND ALBRO:

I will now attempt to fulfill my promise to give you a statement of the spiritual manifestations which I witnessed during my recent visit to Avon Springs.

Some of the phenomena which I witnessed there were of a peculiar character, such as I never before witnessed. You have been sprinkled with water thrown by the spirits from a vessel; but I presume you have never been in a shower produced on the moment, by condensation of the atmosphere. This was repeatedly done by the spirits at Avon, under circumstances which put all collusion out of the question, and rendered it impracticable for even the spirits to introduce water into the room from without. Let me state the case:

Some of the phenomena which I witnessed there were of a peculiar character, such as I never before witnessed. You have been sprinkled with water thrown by the spirits from a vessel; but I presume you have never been in a shower produced on the moment, by condensation of the atmosphere. This was repeatedly done by the spirits at Avon, under circumstances which put all collusion out of the question, and rendered it impracticable for even the spirits to introduce water into the room from without.

It was in the presence of a young lady medium of about fourteen, whose name I refrain from mentioning, as she is under close surveillance of skeptical friends, who would consider it derogatory to the character of the family to have it known that she is made the medium of intercourse between this mundane sphere and that, to which (thank God) we are all swiftly moving on the wings of time.

The principal spirit who resided in that village and who left the form there, a few years since, was a son of a highly respectable citizen of that village. I was invited to spend an evening at his house, and there saw the medium, who was also invited there. I was informed that the above named spirit had promised to shower them with water produced from the atmosphere in the room. The circle, numbering five or six sat round a table, and the spirit soon repeated this promise, by tips of the table to the alphabet. I asked him if there were not a number of spirits there from Buffalo. He responded in the affirmative, and named GEORGE P. BARKER, as one of them. He also said that KING, the presiding spirit at KOOs, was there.

After this conversation through the tips, he directed the lights to be removed from the room, and that all should sit still. We did not wait long before the shower came sure enough, and a copious shower it was. I assure

you. It came like a heavy rain storm, saturating our clothes and spoiling all the paper we had on the table. When the light was brought in, we found the water standing in pools on the table, and our paper soaking in it.

Previously to the removal of the light, every precaution was taken by all to remove all the water vessels from the room, and to be certain that no water could be introduced into it by any other means than by producing it in the manner proposed by the spirit. And he subsequently assured us that he did thus produce it, of which none of us could entertain a doubt.

There are other demonstrations in presence of this medium, which I have never witnessed before, such as removing things from one room to another, and from house to house, and from place to place, in the village. Keys, knives, &c., were taken from mens pockets and hidden where they could not be found till the spirit chose to disclose their places of concealment. The medium's bonnet was taken from the schoolhouse where she was, and hung on the top of the lightning rod of the house where she resided. A skeptic's hat was taken and deposited upon the top of the house, where it was lost.

I was invited to the house where the medium resides, and I, thoughtlessly, walked into the parlor with my hat and cane, and put them on a table which stood there. We had a circle which confirmed sitting till about 10 o'clock. At the close of the entertainment, the details of which would make this communication too long, I was about to return to my lodgings, but could not find my cane. We enquired of the spirit if he knew anything of my gold-headed cane. He said he did, and that he had carried it into the other parlor. We went there to look for it, but it was still invisible. We then enquired of the spirit how he came to misinform us. He replied that it was there when he told us it was, but that he had preceded us and removed it to another place. He refused to tell us where it was, but said other spirits might tell us, but I should not have it till morning, when I might come and get it. After searching all over the house, I gave it up and went to my lodgings, leaving several neighbors there. I had not been gone thirty minutes—as they subsequently informed me—when my cane was seen in the place where I had left it. How it got there no one could tell, for no one saw it come in. The spirits say they are enabled to envelope articles which they remove, in a mist which renders them invisible to the human vision. I returned there the next morning and got my cane.

These are facts which you may rely on, and you are at liberty to dispose of them as you please.

Yours,

STEPHEN DUDLEY.

### What will Skeptics say to this?

On Thursday evening of last week, we met Rev. Mr. HAMMOND, at the house of our neighbor and friend, G. R. COX, where the spirits were using him to assist in the development of a medium whom they are teaching to read communications given in letters presented to the interior vision. The medium was thrown into the abnormal state, and soon began to tell what she saw. She saw a bright female spirit, with a beautiful little volume of poems in her hand. Mr. H. directed her to inquire the name of the spirit, which she did, and was informed that it was the spirit of that pattern of purity and piety, Mrs. HEIMANS.

The spirit gave us to understand, that she would give a short lecture on the subject of her spirit life; and Mr. H. requested us to write it as it should be received. His interior vision being fully developed and clear, he read the language as it was presented in letters of golden light, in a ground of darkness. He was under spirit influence, as well as the other medium, seeing the words with closed eyes. We sat in the next room, by a table, near the door, which stood partly open, so that we could see to write, and hear his communications, which was very deliberate and distinct. The commencement of the communication was the following stanza of poetry:

Affliction wreathes her golden chain,  
In circles of eternal years;

And mind immortal doth retain

Nought like the curse of bitter tears.

To this succeeded the following communication:

Dear friends, pardon the intrusion which my presence occasions. Invoking your patience, I will proceed to give you the eventful experience which we call the "holies" of some righteous elders, is left to shift, for herself; not the least support does she receive from him to whom she has been in many cases forced to prostitute herself. Their condition is infinitely worse than that of the slaves at the South. One of the wives of the twelve Apostles, faintly shadowed forth in verse, are but poverty-stricken mementoes of such inspiration as my mind received and expressed in song.

Turning my face from earth, I received the smile of a guardian angel, who had imparted melody and harmony to my verse. Never, no, never, in all the meeting of friends, while I dwelt in the earth form; did I realize such sweetnes of affection, such unalloyed, tender ness of sympathy, as was expressed to me by the angel that welcomed my entrance into the home of the life eternal. Associated with this benevolent and beautiful mind, were a group of congenial companions, who, softer than the music of the lyre, broke forth in one harmonious strain, which lifted my spirit in ecstasy and delight above the cold, unfeeling and vexatious toils and troubles through which I had passed. You may well anticipate that my transition from the nursery to the eternal realities of immortality, was even more than

human expectation could fathom, or human capacity comprehend.

In this pleasing change, you will perceive an eternal release from those evils over which I could not exercise control. Hence, while in the rudimental state, I was the victim of others' injustice; yet on entering into this paradise of social harmony and quietude, I found rest and peace.

Should I attempt to narrate the successive periods of my angelic history, it would require many volumes of poetical description to convey even a twilight view of my experience—Suffice it to say, this evening, that on a future occasion, I will endeavor, in connection with the group with whom I sympathize, to reveal more of the eternal beatitudes of my heavenly mansion. Wishing you progress in the knowledge of heavenly wisdom, I subscribe myself your emancipated sister, in the cause of human redemption.

FELICIA HEIMANS.

We asked, in the commencement, what skeptics would think of this. There will be no such thing as knowing what many of them think, by what they say. Those who have the fitters of fashionable theology on their intellectual and spiritual limbs, must say disparaging things of all these heavenly manifestations and communications, let them think what they may. And perhaps this is well, for the mass of human mind is unprepared to receive such astounding truths as we are now receiving. The little rappings and tappings, which have been so much despised, laughed at and sneered at, by the more learned of the world, are the medium's bonnet was taken from the schoolhouse where she was, and hung on the top of the lightning rod of the house where she resided. A skeptic's hat was taken and deposited upon the top of the house, where it was lost.

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Yours,

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We look for Rev. R. P. Wilson, of Cleveland, to lecture for us, on Sunday, afternoon and evening.

Till farther notice, the circle meetings of the Harmonial Association, will be held in the forenoon. The afternoon and evening to be devoted to conference meetings and lectures. As soon as another hall can be obtained, the usual order of exercises will be restored.

## Lecture by Aaron Burr.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

## MY ENTRANCE INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD AND MY UPWARD PROGRESS TO MY PRESENT CONDITION.

Deep peace rests upon my soul—that peace which rolls far away into the dreamy wastes of infinite and is breathed into the mental constitution by high born spirits of eternity. My spirit follows the shining path which angels tread. In the last scene of my earth life, I felt the anguish of physical pain racking and torturing my human form. I sometimes experienced the sensations of natural sleep; but while I sank into this deep slumber, I never lost my memory or individuality. I sometimes realized no identity, but the processes through which I passed, seemed to melt into an ethereal shadow, which was still a substance. My spirit seemed to emerge from the old world of matter; and as atom by atom escaped from the old form, a new one seemed to be then in an original state of formation. My spirit existed between the new and old form, still drawing nearer and nearer to the new one. I perceived that my old form became paralyzed—that the muscles and fibres assumed a state of disorganization—that they seemed to relax and give way to the power operating upon both bodies. I did not realize my position during all these processes of creation and disorganization. I was intensely interested in the scene before me. I knew not where I was. I saw nothing tangible. All seemed in an atmospherical condition, except the two bodies and my spirit; these were palpable to the sense of feeling. I noticed a peculiarity, which was that, as my old form seemed to leave the spirit, the features and expression of the head and face were those of mine when in the glory of manhood. I saw each feature impressed upon the newly formed countenance, and that every trace of care, every wrinkled or furrowed feature, was giving place to new and highly beautiful ones.

I noticed also various magneto-electrical and anatomatic processes, through which the old body had to pass, before my spirit could escape. I noticed that all the elements of life were concentrated in the brain, and that the last connection was to be severed in the brain. After all the functions of the heart and of the vital portions of the body, had ceased to act, the functions of the brain yet worked on; and, as they became more and more exhausted, I sunk into a deeper unconsciousness, when all the crimes and follies of my life rushed with a demon madness before my active memory. Al! I was wretched! I thought that I was going to share the agonies of an eternity. Such a thought! Then a wild delirious sensation came over me, and for a short time I saw my physical hands again move, and they were drawn to the upper portion of the head, where the temple of a once powerful yet sinful mind existed, broken in ten thousand fragments. I noticed, during all this, that the new form was yet incomplete; but, as each atom escaped from the body through the brain, that the new form became more complete. I still sunk deeper into an utterly unconscious state; and when I perceived the last feeble ray of life about to be broken, I lost my individuality, in one unbounded expanse of spiritual life.

I remained in this unconscious condition some hours, and when I experienced a returning consciousness—when I awoke and found myself young again, I felt singularly. I saw friends and strangers around me. I saw the same beauties of nature here, varying but slightly from those of earth. When I saw my position, a sickly sensation came over me, and I prayed to God, if there was one, to let me die. I saw that the strange beings around me laughed and called me ignorant. I heard also the most bitter lamentations around me; also fearful curses, and some longed, they said, to go back to the old home of their childhood. Still I knew not where I was; but alas! alas! if a spirit ever suffered, mine did. I was groping my way along among the scenes before me when I realized that my form was fair like in motion and graceful in its proportions. I looked far ahead into strange and grand regions of some world, and thought I would go there and see what I could discover. But alas! I found that I must become wiser and purer before I could reach those delightful regions; for a passage there is not instantaneous. I wept at the tomb of buried folly. I wept over the grave of blighted morality. I sighed over the by-gone days of my youth, and I laid me down to die. But no contentment was mine. My spirit could not sleep. I was bound by the living faculties of my spirit to know where I was. I was borne along upon the wings of thought, to higher regions. A new intelligence came to

my aid, and I wondered if this could be heaven. I asked those around me, but they turned scornfully away. I thought, if it is, I wonder where the one whom I shot in a duel can be; when but a moment expired and Hamilton stood by my side! No rigid expression of hate-no fearful features were upon the countenance; but the whole region of the head was illuminated with a superior brilliancy, and intelligence flowed from his soul as the waters gush forth from the fountain. He told me that I was in the spirit world. He informed me kindly that I must, and calmly urged me to receive what he said as the truth. He said: You can no more violate your moral nature, but must cultivate your spiritual attributes; and if you desire to leave these ignorant and wretched beings, strive to receive the lesson taught you by the messengers of truth and charity. What, I in eternity? said I to him, and must I labor to be happy? He said: You can no more gratify the passions of my being, here! Either give me heaven or hell. I prefer the latter to this wretched torturing of my mind. My friend, said he, the way is open. If you will be guided and be yourself your life will glow with joy unspeakable; and if not, you may remain here for ages and ages. The informed me that I must, like all other immortal beings, remain in my present wild and sensitive state of mind, if I did not willingly submit to the spiritual discipline, which I submit to in time. I struggled long and fearfully before I could believe the realities of my own existence. There is, every mind will acknowledge, a species of freedom and liberty in the mind, which leads it to investigate the causes and effects before it; and explore the hidden sciences of all worlds. Therefore it is possible for mind to trace, analogically, the substances of grosser matter, to the formation of man; but when we arrive at mind—at intelligence, though this same principle has enabled us to explore and comprehend all below it, yet mind seems vague and indefinite, when we contemplate its immortality. I, having no definite means whereby I could arrive at the evidence or knowledge of the principles and elements of spirit, to satisfy the natural yearnings for a dignified understanding of my nature ventured to strive to know and understand the philosophy of the soul's innate or constitutional immortality. In the first place, I found the whole superstructure to be the absolute indestructibility of matter—that of universal substance which gives us a tangible individuality—a palpable form. Upon the universality and indestructibility of matter, rests the realities of eternity. The essences or substances of refined matter, extracted from the world above, are concentrated in the various portions of the spiritual form, and, to give this essence its genuine immortal organization, it is dependent upon the manifestations of life, motion and sensation—upon the vital economies of a substantial and palpable form; but the life of the spirit's refinement is not dependent upon the form for all of its cultivations. Nor does the spiritual man labor, as in the material body, for the support of his outer being. What is material cannot be spiritual; and when man leaves the outer world, he leaves all that belongs to it, and enters into the spiritual state, an altered being, in form and spirit; because he then cannot act in disobedience to the laws externally instituted in his being, but is compelled to obey the computations of conscience.

The mind is first incarnated into a physical temple, whose dome is measured by the simple gaze; yet the thoughts and affections within, expand forth into apartments of far greater dimensions, and disintegrate with the wide spread earth, its glories and powers, it mounts on angelic wings, to the home of eternity, where there is no imprisonment of thought, but goes on, on forever, to the greatness and grandeur of immortality. No, man in heaven does not labor for his daily support. I have noticed, however, that we have trees which bear fruits of all kinds, which have become spiritualized and are adapted to the constitution of the spirit form. Of these we partake when inclination leads us so to do. But there is no artificial preparation to be made before we can partake of these, but we take them from their nude and spiritual state; and instead of masticating a substance, as you do, the magnetic eliminations from the soul are diffused into and throughout the entire superstructure of the spiritual form. And the spiritual body is also supported by magnetic elimination from the universe it inhabits, and is not confined exclusively to the inspirations of magnetism concentrated in the fruits of the vegetable kingdom. Thus it is with every thing in the spiritual world. All things are sustained by the motion and sensations of magnetism. If the celestial man was required to labor incessantly for his support, outwardly, he must suffer pain, and he must become weary; and if this was the case, all things attending human life would be found above, making heaven no more attractive or beautiful than earth. There would be no more palpable evidence of a superior life, where the soul might rest, but all would seem to man materialistic, and no better than the life he had upon the earth. Man does not labor here physically, but his labor is spiritual. He must acquire the wealth of knowledge within the storehouse of his being, and the genius of wisdom will direct him to new regions of intuition where he may learn new lessons of his invisible and superior life; and thus it is by progression that mind becomes so highly qualified to bring tidings of the departed from the regions of immortality. Beauty of nature invites the aspiring thought, and the spirit seems overwhelmed by a mighty tide of spiritual intelligence. The anatomical principle incarnates itself within the spirit, breathes forth its power in the countless millions of forms in nature; and, like eternal companions, anatomy and physiology furnish the elaboratives of the

spiritual form with motions and forces adequate to the just discharge of duty devolving upon the outer and inner self. Thought germinates and expands into being, is vitalized by the magnetic elements, and, representing the parent germ, in form and life, multiplies itself an hundred fold when brought in direct communion with the realities of eternity. The evolutions of structures are accompanied by functions which those structures are adapted to. By the unceasing action of the ocean of informed and uncreated materials, the original law of affinity flows through the great functional law, through the immeasurable labyrinths of infinity, up to the Divine Source from which all things originally emanated. External nature mirror forths these great eternal principles; and they flow progressively forth into the spiritual life, as the azure element begets itself in the violet, or as the aconit expands into the oak. Mind treads the flowering fields of higher spheres, and it seems as nothing when contemplating and gazing upon the transcendent glories of eternity, where the greater consumes the lesser, and where the finite is lost in the infinite.

Aaron Burr.

For the Age of Progress.  
Spiritual Manifestations.

On Wednesday evening of last week, I met a circle of spiritualists in this city, at which the following extraordinary manifestations were witnessed. Among our company were two avowed unbelievers in the Harmonial Philosophy. The principal medium through whom these wonders were done is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and has but recently been developed. The circle was composed of eight persons. We seated ourselves around a common dining table, and the raps soon announced the presence of our guardian spirit friends. We were directed to remove the light from the room, which being done for the period of not longer than a minute and a half, the subjoined communication was written, and presented to the husband of the lady. It reads as follows:

I am one of the crew that sailed on the steamship President. The mysterious disappearance of that ill-fated boat caused great consternation. The hearts of parents were writhing with anguish. Oh! how my spirit grieved, when my poor frenzied mother, with wild despair, called upon God to make known to her, in some way, the fate of George. Could she have known that I was roaming through fields of sweetest flowers, happy in my spirit's paradise, her gray hairs would not have come down in sorrow to the grave. My friends, if you have any desire to know the fate of the President, I will impress it upon the medium's mind, and if she will she can tell you.

My home in your world was in South Carolina, in the county and town of Marion on the banks of the Great Peechee.

I have a brother in California, rich in your world's goods, but poor in that righteoussness which is necessary to fit the spirit for celestial happiness.

My friend, I am pleased that you have opened your door to those who are so well calculated to attract the attention of elevated spirits. You have a good circle to night. I shall remain here till the circle closes.

GEORGE STACY.

1. It would be remarked, that the short period of time allotted for so much writing precludes the possibility of deception on the part of any member of the company, and what is further, the sheet of paper on which it was written was recognized as being blank paper, at the time the light was ordered removed, by such marks as were made upon it. Besides, the lady herself, as well as all the company, had no knowledge of any agency in the production. Whatever may be the truth of the writing, one thing is certain, that it was as great a wonder to write it in a minute and a half as any one need ask. Most of the company declare, that the period did not exceed one minute, but I prefer to take the utmost limit.

2. As we were promised such information as we desired in regard to the fate of the ship, the following is the substance of the answers returned to our interrogatories:

The President was taken by pirates, and her passengers and crew were all murdered, excepting the ladies and four of the crew of whom Stacy was one. The ship was sunk and the prisoners were taken to the piratical rendezvous, which was at or near Charlotte Harbor, south of Fort Dalina, in Florida. The vessel reached this harbor, and soon after arrived at their place of rendezvous, the pirates had a drunken frolic over their success and booty. While this was going on, the male prisoners attempted an escape, but were pursued and murdered, excepting Stacy. Soon after he saw one of the pirates insulting a lady prisoner, and Stacy, on remonstrating, was stabbed mortally and died. The captain's name of the piratical vessel was Lansing, and he is now in Australia. The name of this vessel was, Dragon, and many of the pirates are now living.

After thus questioning the spirit we were again directed to remove the light, which being done a message was written in an incredible short space of time, and addressed to one of the skeptics present. Surprised at the announcement, he took the sheet and acknowledged that it was a fact similar to his departed wife's, hand writing, and duly signed with her given name. Neither of the mediums knew any thing of him or his family, as he was an utter stranger to them.

Having disposed of this matter, which from its personal character, I am not permitted to publish, although it was conceded to be substantially correct, the medium was forcibly constrained to say to Mr. Stone, "you have a message in your hat." As he had left his hat in the parlor, and no one of

the company had been near it after he took it from his head, when leaving that room for another, and as neither himself nor any of the company had been near it, we were all taken by surprise at this announcement. Mr. Stone repaired to the parlor with a light, and soon returned with the document, and read it to the circle. Each of these manuscripts were as widely different in their chirography, as would be those of any three persons I could name. The substance of this communication was: "Never get into a sail boat; do not get into the car in the month of September next; never keep a dog; and be careful of your wife's health, for her lungs are very weak."

Next followed a strong physical manifestation, apparently for the benefit of Br. W. who was as great a skeptic as need be, and a member of the Baptist church. The table was suddenly turned upside down, and our brother W. was challenged to lift it from the floor. He took hold and lifted, as he said, with all his strength, but in vain. The medium then took hold of his hands and pulled with him as strong as she could, but with like result. I believe no other person but Br. W. touched the table. Various other manifestations of a common character in this city (Buffalo) took place and satisfactory results were obtained. I do not, however, feel called upon to give them in detail in this place lest I extend this article to an unreasonable length. And besides, they are so common here, that I feel their publication is not required.

C. HAMMOND.

## A jolly, but undeveloped Spirit.

A few evenings ago, we were at a circle, one of the members of which had frequently sat in the circle at Capt. DAVENPORTS. Attracted, probably, by this gentleman, who had treated him kindly, as all spirits should be treated, the spirit who flew around the room at DAVENPORTS, sounding the violin, made his appearance. On the light being removed from the room, a ratling was heard among the sheets of paper that lay on the table. The light was then brought in, and it was perceived that several sheets were missing. Soon the light was ordered out again; and in another minute it was again called for and returned. There were but four sheets on the table when the light was taken out. Now there were five. On examining them, we found the following communication, written by the fiddling spirit, who says he is a "darkee." We give it *verbatim et literatim*:

"I am one of the crew that sailed on the steamship President. The mysterious disappearance of that ill-fated boat caused great consternation. The hearts of parents were writhing with anguish. Oh! how my spirit grieved, when my poor frenzied mother, with wild despair, called upon God to make known to her, in some way, the fate of George. Could she have known that I was roaming through fields of sweetest flowers, happy in my spirit's paradise, her gray hairs would not have come down in sorrow to the grave. My friends, if you have any desire to know the fate of the President, I will impress it upon the medium's mind, and if she will she can tell you.

My home in your world was in South Carolina, in the county and town of Marion on the banks of the Great Peechee.

I have a brother in California, rich in your world's goods, but poor in that righteoussness which is necessary to fit the spirit for celestial happiness.

My friend, I am pleased that you have opened your door to those who are so well calculated to attract the attention of elevated spirits. You have a good circle to night. I shall remain here till the circle closes.

GEORGE STACY.

1. It would be remarked, that the short period of time allotted for so much writing precludes the possibility of deception on the part of any member of the company, and what is further, the sheet of paper on which it was written was recognized as being blank paper, at the time the light was ordered removed, by such marks as were made upon it. Besides, the lady herself, as well as all the company, had no knowledge of any agency in the production. Whatever may be the truth of the writing, one thing is certain, that it was as great a wonder to write it in a minute and a half as any one need ask. Most of the company declare, that the period did not exceed one minute, but I prefer to take the utmost limit.

2. As we were promised such information as we desired in regard to the fate of the ship, the following is the substance of the answers returned to our interrogatories:

The President was taken by pirates, and her passengers and crew were all murdered, excepting the ladies and four of the crew of whom Stacy was one. The ship was sunk and the prisoners were taken to the piratical rendezvous, which was at or near Charlotte Harbor, south of Fort Dalina, in Florida. The vessel reached this harbor, and soon after arrived at their place of rendezvous, the pirates had a drunken frolic over their success and booty. While this was going on, the male prisoners attempted an escape, but were pursued and murdered, excepting Stacy. Soon after he saw one of the pirates insulting a lady prisoner, and Stacy, on remonstrating, was stabbed mortally and died. The captain's name of the piratical vessel was Lansing, and he is now in Australia. The name of this vessel was, Dragon, and many of the pirates are now living.

After thus questioning the spirit we were again directed to remove the light, which being done a message was written in an incredible short space of time, and addressed to one of the skeptics present. Surprised at the announcement, he took the sheet and acknowledged that it was a fact similar to his departed wife's, hand writing, and duly signed with her given name. Neither of the mediums knew any thing of him or his family, as he was an utter stranger to them.

Having disposed of this matter, which from its personal character, I am not permitted to publish, although it was conceded to be substantially correct, the medium was forcibly constrained to say to Mr. Stone, "you have a message in your hat." As he had left his hat in the parlor, and no one of

the company had been near it after he took it from his head, when leaving that room for another, and as neither himself nor any of the company had been near it, we were all taken by surprise at this announcement. Mr. Stone repaired to the parlor with a light, and soon returned with the document, and read it to the circle. Each of these manuscripts were as widely different in their chirography, as would be those of any three persons I could name. The substance of this communication was: "Never get into a sail boat; do not get into the car in the month of September next; never keep a dog; and be careful of your wife's health, for her lungs are very weak."

Next followed a strong physical manifestation, apparently for the benefit of Br. W. who was as great a skeptic as need be, and a member of the Baptist church. The table was suddenly turned upside down, and our brother W. was challenged to lift it from the floor. He took hold and lifted, as he said, with all his strength, but in vain. The medium then took hold of his hands and pulled with him as strong as she could, but with like result. I believe no other person but Br. W. touched the table. Various other manifestations of a common character in this city (Buffalo) took place and satisfactory results were obtained. I do not, however, feel called upon to give them in detail in this place lest I extend this article to an unreasonable length. And besides, they are so common here, that I feel their publication is not required.

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